A collection of poignant prose and grim madness, penned by Andrea Dean Van Scoyoc

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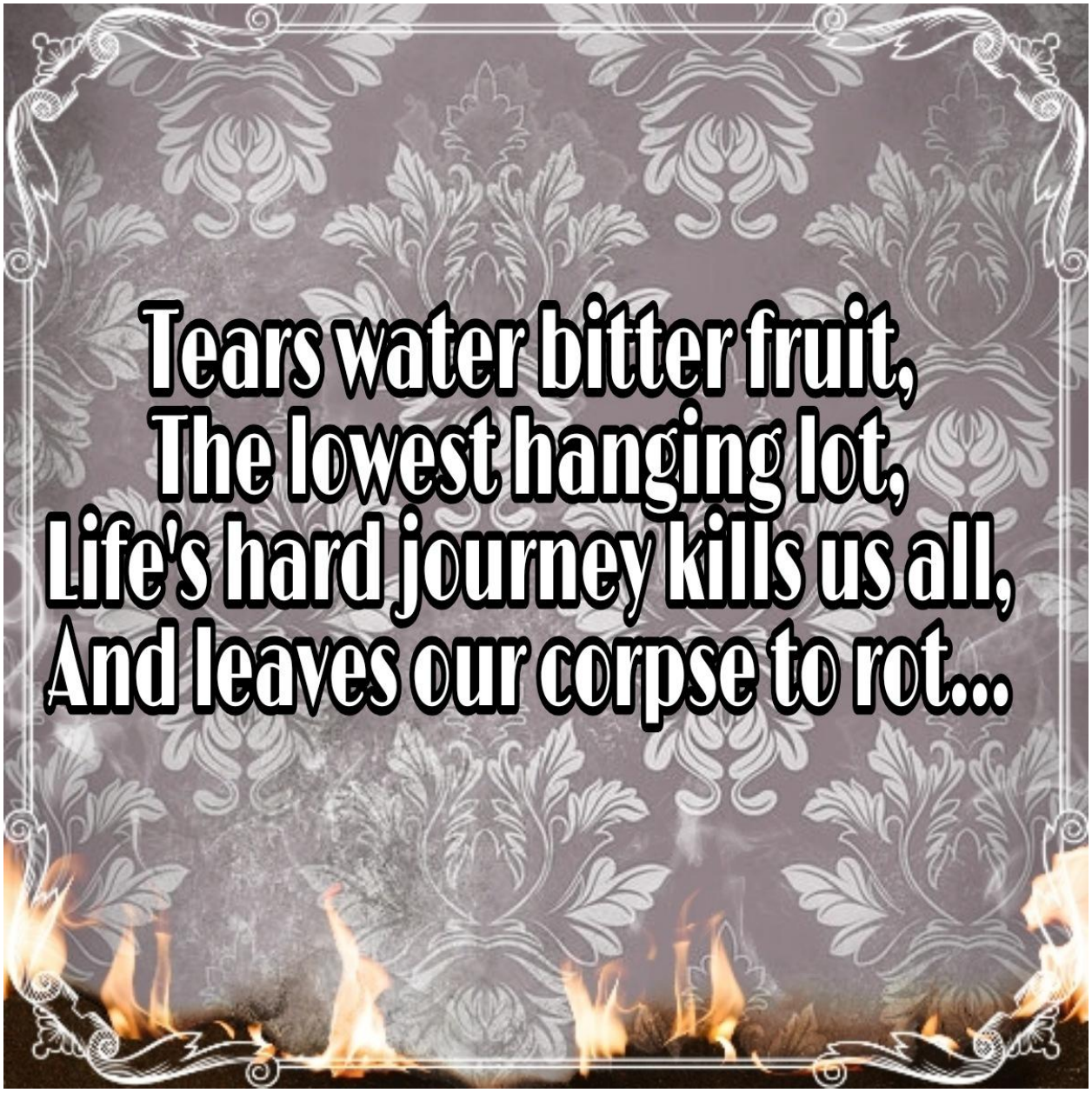

Tears water bitter fruit,
The lowest hanging lot,
Life's hard journey kills us all,
And leaves our corpse to rot...

A coven of crows,
Turn your eyes away,
Nothing ever changes day to day,
The rest is just the bane of fate,
Hurt and betrayal, hardness and hate...

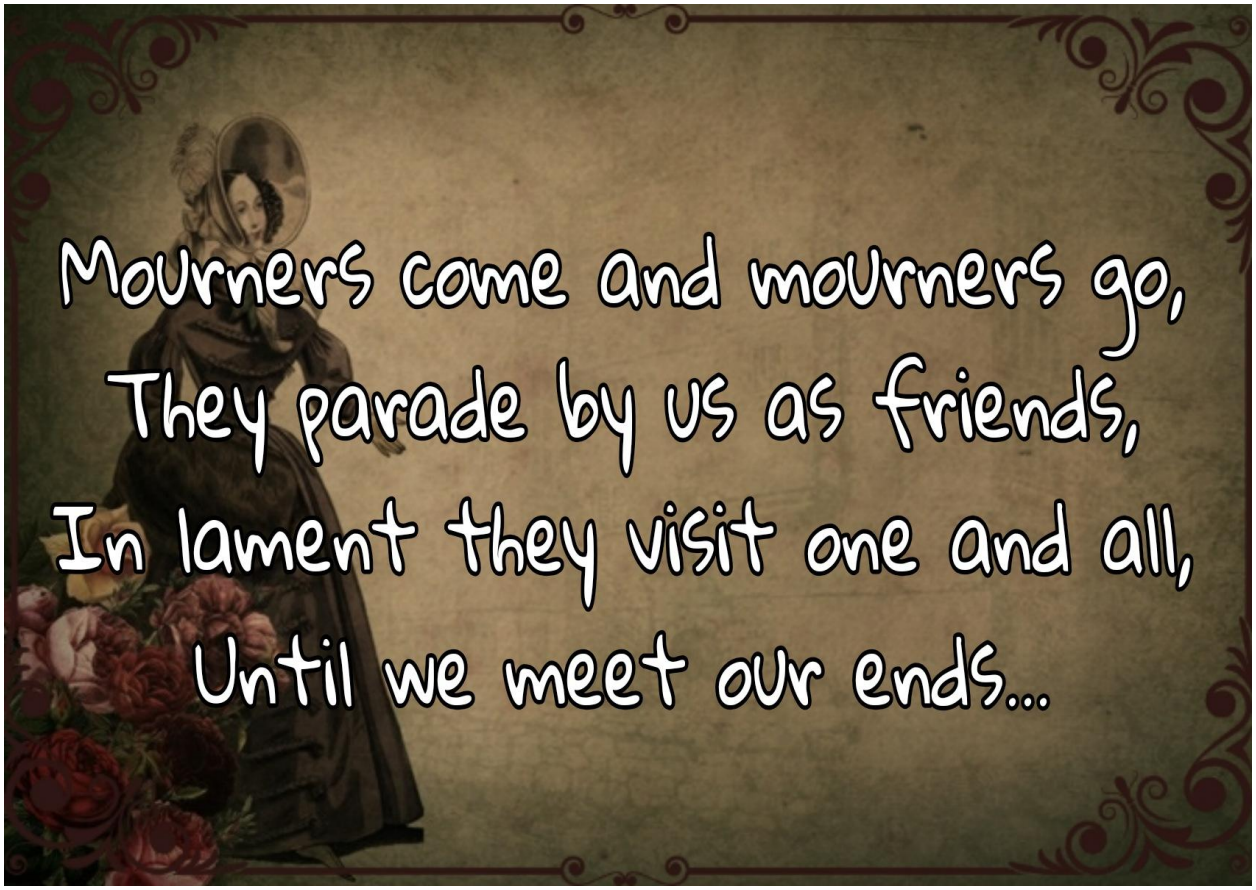
Waves wash away memories,
Like ashes in the rain,
Standing on a desolate shore,
All you know is pain...

The vase is broken,
The shattered pieces gleam,
Flowers as pain,
Not as pretty as they seem...

Life is no secret,
No recipe tried and true,
Death is the only prize you win,
For what life puts us through...

Watch a stream as it flows by,
Each ripple a memory passed,
The waters of death will claim us all,
When life gives up at last...

Leaves float down from barren trees,
As branches scratch the sky,
The instant fall of a last heartbeat,
Gone in the blink of an eye...


Mourners come and mourners go,
They parade by us as friends,
In lament they visit one and all,
Until we meet our ends...

A growing shadow in my mind,
A fallen amber sky,
Dreams materialize out of mist,
Just to pass me by...